Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: & I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you; oh, I ſhould remember him, do's hee not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune; Tell Maſter Parſon, *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Maſter.

Qu. Wee ſhall all be ſhent; Run in here, good young man;

man, goe into this Cloſſet: h
Iohn Rugby? Iohn; what *Iohn* I ſa
my Maſter, I doubt hee be no
home, (*and downe, downe, downe'*
Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe n
goe and vetch me in my Cloſſt
greene-a-Box; do intend vat I
Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it yo
I am glad hee went not in himſ
yong man he would haue been
Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait fo
la grand affaires.
Qu. Is it this Sir?
Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby?*
Qu. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*?
Ru. Here Sir.
Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*,
Come, take your Rapier, and
Court.
Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in th
Ca. By my trot, I tarry too l
dere is ſome Simples in my Clo
varld I ſhall leaue behinde.
Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the y
Ca. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is
Villaine, La-roone; *Rugby*, my
Qu. Good Maſter be conten
Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be con
Qu. The yong man is an ho
Ca. What ſhall de honeſt ma
no honeſt man dat ſhall come i
Qu. I beſeech you be not
truth of it. He came of an err
Hugh.
Ca. Vell.
Si. I forſooth: to deſire her t
Qu. Peace, I pray you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH